

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark brown color, framing the central text.

# Teen Spirit

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## Teen Spirit by [casstayinmyass](#)

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - High School, Canon Continuation, Coming of Age, Demisexual Beverly Marsh, Everybody Is In Love With Mike, Flashbacks, Fluff and Angst, Homophobic Language, House Party, Idiots in Love, Kissing, M/M, Richie Being Richie, Stanley Has OCD - Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder, Stuttering, Teenagers, stanley centric

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom (mentioned), Beverly Marsh (mentioned), Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Greta Bowie (mentioned), Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Stanley's Father (mentioned)

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-09-25

**Updated:** 2017-09-25

**Packaged:** 2020-01-20 19:26:41

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,376

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](#)

**Summary:**

Stan is enjoying himself at a house party. No, scratch that. Stan isn't enjoying himself at a house party. One more time: Stan /would be/ enjoying himself at this house party, if his best friend and lifelong crush was there with him.

## Teen Spirit

Stanley Uris hadn't gone up in the ranks of popularity since junior high. In fact, he had significantly dropped-- this, for some unfathomable reason, did not stop him from getting an invitation to Greta Keene's party.

High school was weird that way. Being in grade 11 made everyone who was a loser in junior *more* of a loser; it was sort of like they hadn't lost that loser identity, but everyone just seemed to fit into their own crowd now. *Of course, that was discounting Henry Bowers, but he had moved to an alternative school last year, since everything that happened with his dad. Common theme in Darry, dads dying... do I want my dad to die? No, of course not... why would I even think that??*

Stan shook his head, finally taking a sip of the drink from the red plastic cup he had been holding for the past hour. He was overthinking things again, letting his brain race. Closing his eyes, he stilled his mind best he could, and took another sip.

Stan had turned out pretty handsome. He was never an ugly kid, of course... but nobody really expected him to turn out this nice, with blonde curls, blue gray eyes, and pensive eyebrows that made him look 20 years older than his age.

Someone called his name, and he turned. Mike was practically skipping toward him.

"Guess who's getting some *mouth to mouth* tonight," he grinned, nudging Stanley. Stan managed a sardonic smile, careful not to roll his eyes too hard. Richie once told him that they would stay that way since he did it so often. Stan had replied that his face would still look better than Richie's.

"That's nice."

"What can I say, chicks dig me," Mike winked over at two girls giggling by the staircase. His grandfather had finally enrolled him in high school after a couple years since Mike made it clear he didn't want to work in a slaughterhouse his entire life. Mike turned back to

his friend. "Hey... you alright, man? You look tense."

"Fine," Stan croaked. Dammit, he was sixteen years old, same age as Bev, Mike, Richie, and... and Bill. The rest of the Loser's club was still fifteen. In any event, he shouldn't be having voice cracks still.

"Cool," Mike said hesitantly. Ever since that night in the tunnel that *no-not-thinking-about-that-right-now-no-no-no-no* he got attacked by the painting woman, *fuck-thought-of-it-shit-replace-the-thought*, Mike had been able to read Stan pretty well. He knew when something was off. "You sure you're okay here?"

"I'm not a baby," Stan snapped, and punctuated his response with a scowl. With that, he walked over to stand by the wall. Better that way. Out of the flow of traffic, and an easier way to prevent people bumping into him and shoving him around, which would remind him of that night-

"Shut up," Stan said out loud to himself quietly, scrunching up his nose, "I'm supposed to be having a good time."

But he wasn't. Not really. There was only one person that ever made him feel better, and he was home sick. Ben and Beverly had made it to this party, as had Richie and Eddie. Shit, it seemed like everyone in their goddamn friend group was getting a boyfriend or girlfriend... they were losers. Weren't they never supposed to have any luck in that department?

A hand dragged across his arm.

"Hi."

He looked over, and found a girl with hair a few shades lighter than his own, eyelashes thick with the inexperienced overabundance of mascara.

"Hi," Stan replied, a little curtly. He didn't hold eye contact, but the girl didn't take the hint like the others normally do.

"You're Stanley from my math class, right?"

"I'm... taking math, yes."

"I helped you with your equations... I've also seen you at the synagogue. Remember me?"

Stan looked over, and blinked. "No." *That was rude. I shouldn't have said that.*

"Oh," the girl swallowed, but seemed to brush this off. "Well, I'm Jill."

"I'm Stan."

"I know," she giggled, and her fingers trailed down to graze his hand. "Can I tell you a secret?"

"I guess." *Say something else, she's being nice to you. You're a civil person, be fucking polite.*

"Okay," she smiled, and leaned in. "I think you're cute."

Stan coughed, and ever so slightly leaned out of her touch. "Alright." *Alright?*

She stared at him. "Alright?"

"Alright," Stan nodded, shoving his hands in his pockets awkwardly.

"So..." her lips were parted, brow slightly furrowed in confusion, "Do you wanna... go out sometime? Maybe we could make a mix tape together? Go for a walk down by the riv-"

"I don't have time for that," Stan interrupted, closing his eyes as his voice cracked again. Jill frowned, and finally gave up, huffing.

"You're so fucking weird, loser," she muttered, and stormed off through the party.

"That's me, the loser," the boy saluted. Stan watched as Mike looked between the attractive blonde and him, making a 'wtf' motion. Stan just sealed his lips and gave his friend The Look that said right back, 'all yours'.

He moped into his cup, shame twisting inside of him. Why couldn't

he have just said yes? If he brought home a pretty, smart, *Jewish* girl, his family would throw a damn parade. Instead, he was failing math, he couldn't get a boyfriend because he couldn't admit he even *wanted* a boyfriend, and his father still wanted him to dedicate himself to his religious studies. As if any teenager has time for that.

Life wasn't fair.

"If life was f-f-fair, I'd have a '67 convertible and m-my little brother'd ride shotgun in it," a familiar voice said through a soft smile, and Stan turned to find Bill. He hadn't realized he had said that out loud.

"I thought you were sick," Stan finally said, mustering up the courage to speak words. *What the hell?* He'd grown up with Bill. Since when was *he* the one with the stutter?

"I w-was," Bill shrugged, "Cold medication and hot t-tea go a long way. Just ask Eddie."

Again, Stan didn't respond. He was captivated by the way Bill looked tonight... a plain old blue tshirt with some jeans. He was lanky, his smile was lopsided, and he was perfect, so perfect. Bill, in turn, admired Stanley. He always had those cute curls that sprung up around his head... and while it was obvious that the blonde brushed them in attempts to remove the spring in them, Bill still caught glimpses of what he looked like as a kid. He looked good tonight... Bill didn't expect to be so caught up in his friend's looks tonight.

Bill's sexuality wasn't really a big deal for him, or anyone really. His parents lost interest in his life the day Georgie died-- when he told them he liked guys, his dad hadn't even looked up from the paper. "So?" his old man had mumbled. So that was that.

Stan bit his lip. The only person he had officially come out to was Beverly, when she had come out to the gang as demisexual last year. They had gone for milkshakes and Bev was the last one left with Stan—they had talked for hours, and soon they knew each other's life stories and struggles... how Stan had strangely obsessive compulsions, and Beverly had a history of abuse and being mistreated. The topic eventually came up as the sun went down.

*"My dad called me a fag."*

*Beverly's head shot up. "Your dad is a homophobic dick."*

*"...Did you know?" Stan had asked quietly, looking down at his lap. Bev had finished the last of her shake through her straw, taking it out to lick it clean.*

*"It's bullshit that people think they can judge someone's sexuality. So no. I didn't know." She looked at him, and cocked her head. "I could tell there was something you'd internalized. But who am I to draw conclusions? I'm just a slutty little shit, according to Greta."*

*"You're not," Stan whispered. Bev smirked, and stole one of his fries.*

*"And you're not a fag, Stanley Uris."*

*"Then what am I?" Stan had sighed.*

*"So much more than your sexuality. And, of course, in love with your best friend," she laughed, and they both knew who she was talking about.*

Ben, by proxy of being Bev's boyfriend, soon found out, but they were the only two of the Losers that knew so far. It had seemed so easy for Richie and Eddie to come out to the whole damn world... Stan didn't have the same privileges.

"You m-meet any girls?" Bill asked, clearing his throat and taking a spot next to Stan leaning against the wall.

"No," he replied simply, "But I haven't really been looking." A hand ran through his hair.

Bill nodded, still surveying the crowd of the house party. Stan began to think again.

*I can't tell Bill I like him. Then, if It comes back, which it fucking will because it does every 27 years and we probably didn't kill it, no way, then one of us will die, or both of us will die, or I'll have to watch Bill die and forever live with picturing that every day, and it'll be that much worse if we get married. But we're not going to get married, we're only in high school! But what if we do? I would die, I would absolutely die.*

Images of Pennywise's smile flashed through Stan's mind, and the inside of that flute woman's throat came back to him. Suddenly, his own throat began to tighten at the memory of how scared and alone he had felt... his face grew hot, and he felt the need to throw up. *Fuckfuckfuck, go away, stop thinking about that, stop stop, it's never gonna stop Stan, yes it will, but you know it won't...*

Stan heard the clown's laughter in his mind, the way he had held Bill to him and threatened to take him away.

"C-c-can I have a sip?" he heard faintly, "I'm a little thirsty." Stan looked over, momentarily broken from his thoughts. Bill looked down, and so did Stan... the cup slipped from his hands and spilled. "Are y-you alright?" Bill asked, now looking at him worriedly.

"Mmhmm," Stan mumbled, "I kinda wanna... um, I've got some stuff my dad wanted me to... to study for..." He didn't want to go home, but he did. He felt that he would be missing out on an unforgettable high school experience if he did, and it wasn't like going home would stop the thoughts, but-

"Stan, you look like you're going to p-p-pass out!" Bill exclaimed, and held his hands out. "C-can I put these on your shoulders?" Stan quickly nodded, and Bill placed them there. "L-look at me, Stan. I'm here. Okay? Listen to my v-voice. I'm here."

"But what if you're... if you're not when..." Stan felt everything spinning.

"We made a p-promise," Bill told him, and brought a hand up to the side of his face. "A promise we'll keep." Suddenly, as both boys regained their wits, they realized they were closer than they were minutes ago. Bill's hand was stroking Stan's cheek like some star crossed lover, and Stan looked awfully lost in Bill's eyes.

*He's so close, Bill thought to himself. I need to get closer... it's been forever since I've let someone stay so close.*

"Um," Stan muttered, and Bill's expression of momentary embarrassment soon turned to determination. "Smells Like Teen Spirit" by Nirvana blared, and he tugged Stan's wrist, bringing him

over to a private corner by the stairs. "What's..." Stan started. "Woah." He couldn't manage to get another word in before Bill was in his space again, inches away from his face. "Bill... what are, um, what are you-?"

Just then, lips were on his... cautious, gentle, experimental in nature at first, then as Bill discovered what it felt like, he delved a little deeper. Stan's lips parted, allowing the taller boy full access. He was powerless, yet he had never felt more in control-- pliant here, now, under one of his closest friends as he kissed him senseless against a wall at a house party, everything that normally clouded his mind dissipated. Nothing mattered but this moment. Nothing was real but Bill, his lips, and his fingers brushing his curls back.

Stan grabbed Bill by the collar and yanked him in even closer, kissing back harder. Fuck clowns, fuck fear, fuck the future. He was getting kissed by his childhood crush, Bill Denbrough.

It ended too soon. Stan wanted more, but he was too breathless to ask. Shell shocked and pretty ruffled, he stood a little straighter, licking over his own lips, and swallowed. Bill stepped back, and blushed furiously.

"S-sorry. I shouldn't have, I-I don't w-want to ruin our f-f-friendship. P-pretend this n-never happened..." He was stuttering more and more.

"Did you see me kiss you back? You didn't ruin anything," Stan gulped, reaching out shakily to touch Bill's forearm.

"EXCEPT MAYBE HIS *PANTS*! WHAT WHAAAT, STAN THE MAN IS GETTING IT IN TONIGHT! Looks like Bill likes his meat *circumcised*, amiright?!!" Richie's obnoxious voice rang out, and held up a hand for his boyfriend to high five as they walked down the stairs. Eddie just stared at him disapprovingly with bitchily pursed lips, and kept walking. "What?! I thought that was a good one, babe..."

"I will fucking kill him," Stan growled.

Bill laughed. "Not b-before Eddie does." Stan cracked a smile, and soon, the two were grinning like a pair of idiots. Stan never wanted

this feeling to end... it was a good kind of fluttering in his stomach, nothing like when his obsessive thoughts took over. He never wanted to see that clown again... he didn't know what he'd do if it actually came back. What if it hurt Bill? It was too much. Still, they made a pact, didn't they? They had to come back if It did.

But that wasn't for now. Now was for them. Not the people they've lost, or the mentally obsessive voice of doubt. Not even the other Losers. Only them. And together, they'd take care of any threat.

*Right?*

### **Author's Note:**

I know this was pretty fluffy and cute, but it was a heavy hitter for me to write b/c I have OCD, and I feel like with my headcanon that Stan has it as well, that played a huge factor in, of course, what happens in Chapter 2. But nuuu, go back to the happiness of our sons finding love haha.